

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Tendencies of Modern Music.

(Selections translated for this Journal from the Letters of HAUPTMANN, HILLER and others.)

I.

—In the concert of Schröder-Devrient several interesting things were given: among others the Overture to "Ruy Blas" by Mendelssohn, and scenes from the Opera "Rienzi" by Richard Wagner, which he himself directed. In Wagner's music I have found far more of stretching and straining than of solid satisfying matter. One cannot judge, to be sure, of the effect of a whole Opera after a few single pieces; but the kind of music is very manifest in them, and that pleases me not; it is again the unmusical kind, which clings to the expression of the single details, which, where joy and sorrow are the subject, holds the two apart and seeks to express each musically by itself. That is setting things to music as the watch-makers understand it, when they speak of setting a watch in oil, where every peg is tipped with oil. But the words should be set to music as one sets a fish into the water, taking them out of the dry and separating element of the understanding into the mediating, fluid element of feeling. That is the way the Italians do it, and so do those who are artistically related to them, like Mozart, Spohr,—who will not take it ill of me that I count them among these. When we speak of the Italians we are not to think only of Donizetti and Bellini, but of Raphael, of Leonardo and Titian, of the finest flowers of Art that ever were.—(HAUPTMANN, Letter to Spohr, 1842.)

—The *Tannhäuser* has been given three times here. The applause was still undecided in itself; not that it was not loud; but one hears even in the clapping of hands whether it comes from a sure or a doubtful feeling of applause. The future alone can make it clear. I heard the Opera on the first performance, had also heard it several years ago in Dresden, where it was very well given; but just as little here as there was I at the end of it in such a mood as one ought to be in after a good work of Art: in a harmonic, satisfied mood. Such music costs the hearer a continual strain. An opera on which the composer has labored for months, we have to hear through in three hours;—he has had hours and days of recreation in the course of it, but to us is granted not a moment; the hearer also needs some rest, some intermission, but he does not find in such a work, which keeps on steadily without any moments of repose. The hymn of the Pilgrims, which returns so often in the opera, might have formed a moment of repose, against which the more passionate movement would be set off in stronger relief; but even this hymn is tortured both in melody and harmony, and seems given to the chorus singers only to put them out of tune. It is perhaps designed to express the contrition and remorse of the pilgrims; but this was hard-

ly the place to make that prominent; a quiet element might have come in here quite fitly in a poetic and artistic manner. Even the song of the shepherd boy, after the first impassioned scene in the Venus-berg, is only a melodic, or an unmelodic, curiosity; and it is very improper in the youngster, after he has taken notice of the pilgrim procession and has kneeled down, to intrude his piping (*Schalmiedudel*) into the pauses of the choral strain.—The minstrels' contest with its continuous declamatory 4-4 measure, is now and then very tedious. In the third act, the long recited narrative of *Tannhäuser*, about the result of his pilgrimage to Rome, is also not a fortunate dramatic moment. Musically many things in *Lohengrin* have pleased me better than anything in *Tannhäuser*. There we have some choruses of most beautiful sonority. Yet *Lohengrin* as a whole must be fatiguing in a high degree. But it is meant and done in earnest; the whole man is in it throughout; and that is respectable. The poetic element certainly is very significant; but there is wanting an artistic element to bear up freely the impassioned subject-matter which so weighs upon us, which, being without form, as bare realism oppresses and torments us. When one comes out of a drama or an opera feeling as if bruised and crushed, there is something not quite right about it.—(HAUPTMANN to Spohr, Leipzig, 1853.)

—We have now the Russian Rubinstein here, who has let us hear a Symphony: "Ocean," a piano Fantasia with orchestra, and a Trio. These things were very imposing and have received great applause. The Ocean wallowed and floundered about a great deal; but if one is to find fault with that, he will make nothing out of it. Less floundering was the Fantasia, but also less interesting. The Trio is quite civilized, brilliant, easy to listen to, and euphonious, like altogether another man, escaped from the sea storm, refreshed, restored, his toilet made and entering a parlor.—What does not please me in the compositions as a whole is, that with the unclearness, the intrinsic value seems to decrease; that when the mists are scattered the country is less beautiful than we may have imagined it before. But Rubinstein is a man of talent and an enormous player; few will be able to play his things after him.—(HAUPTMANN, 1855.)

—I take no pleasure in such compositions. So many of our young composers have had no poetic, harmless childhood in their Art; they began in a state of desperation, with the Lost Paradise; and where are any reminiscences of the un-lost to come from, such as recur so often and so beautifully in Beethoven's very last and most despairing things, like echoes from the "fernen Geliebten" in the full bliss of the past. Instead of this we now get only dry disgust and loathing of all that is real, a haughty egotisti-

cal mood, which has and can have no faith in itself, but would fain persuade itself and others that there is something in it. What is not overstrained seems to them flat and insignificant; beauty, in their Art doctrine, is a thing of no account. The finest Art material, for which every other Art may envy Music,—TONE—is so tortured and so crushed by them that it can only shriek and whimper. And so we get an unmusical and toneless music; and what in earlier compositions has seemed dry and crabbed, now comes to us as paradoxically mild, compared to what we have to hear in the newest compositions.—(HAUPTMANN, 1855.)

—There are times and epochs, in which almost all sense of beauty seems to have deserted the producers in Art, and I fear, we live in one of these. They strive after the new, the exciting, the piquant and *effectée*; they want to surprise, and even to dumbfounder you; cost what it will, they are determined to be deep, original and clever; they confound the beautiful with the conventional, with what has superficial polish; and they despise the beautiful, simply because they scarcely comprehend it. True, it has been given only to the rarest geniuses in Art and poetry, to be at the same time deep and beautiful;—but why not at least strive to reach them! The Beautiful, after all, is, and will remain, the most beautiful.—(FERDINAND HILLER, from "Briefe an eine Ungenannte," 1877.)

(From Vienna).—The second Philharmonic Concert opened with an Overture to "Romeo and Juliet," by Tchaikowsky. In spite of the careful execution, the work found here no sympathetic response. In the first place, the pretentious title was an injury to it, justifying great expectations, which remained very much unsatisfied. With such a labyrinth of shrill, glaring sound, without any proper pith and substance, one paints no Shakespeare.—(Leipzig Signale, Jan. 1877.)

(Leipzig.) The fifth Euterpe Concert, on Dec. 12th, had for its principal numbers: the Concerto in G minor, for string orchestra, two obligato violins and an obligato violoncello, by Handel; the Symphony "Lenore" by Raff; and the Fantasia for piano, chorus and orchestra, by Beethoven. The writer of these lines heard Raff's Symphony for the first time. His impression of it is about as follows: The first movement seems, in matter and in form, to belong to the best and most enjoyable that Raff has produced. The second movement (Andante) has a very fair beginning, but in its further development grows more and more diffuse and rambling, and leaves at last an oppressive sense of irksomeness. The third movement (March) is, to our taste, somewhat vulgar, and offers only in its middle part some weak amends for this vulgarity, nay almost

triviality. Finally the fourth movement—the direct musical illustration and description of B rger's Ballad, while the other movements are only occupied with the bliss of love and the separation of Leonora and Wilhelm, that is to say, with what precedes all that is contained in the poem—was to us one of the severest musical visitations that we ever yet experienced: *the rawest materialism and realism is here displayed*, and the composer shrinks not from the most hideous, if only he may thus illustrate musically his underlying subject in the most drastic manner.—(*Signale*, Jan. 1877.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Musical Piano-Playing.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

About three months ago I had the honor to lay before the readers of this Journal some observations on the value of slow practice, especially on the piano; pointing out therein the fact that all practice has for its object the establishment and co-ordination of a series of muscular actions, so that the entire series may be produced by a simple act of the will. I have reason to believe that quite a number of teachers found the ideas there advanced rational and serviceable; and this emboldens me to pursue the subject in the following paragraphs, which ought indeed to have formed part of that article.

Within a few days after that piece had been sent to the Editor, a friend of mine, Dr. J. S. Jewell (Editor of the "Chicago Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease") called my attention to an article by Dr. Onimus, translated from the "*Journal d'Anatomie et de Physiologie*" 1873, pp. 545-564. The title of the translation was "Speech as a Reflex Act," and it appears in Dr. Jewell's Journal for April, 1874. There the writer took up the question of "reflexes" from some former discussion of it in its general bearings, and proceeded to point out the fact that speech was also a reflex act, the various muscular contractions necessary to phonation being presided over by a subordinate nerve-centre, which he called the "phono-motor" centre.

By "reflex" Dr. Onimus means nothing else than what I called "automatic" acts. He distinguishes two kinds of reflexes: those of instinct (like breathing), and those of education. For instance, old pigeons continued to pick and smooth their plumage after the removal of the brain ("the ruling passion strong in death;") in young pigeons, on the contrary, these motions were never observed.

Without delaying to cite his article more in detail, I may say that the notion of a "phono-motor" centre is an eminently rational one, and not only fits in admirably with the testimony of consciousness, but also serves to take in and explain a large catalogue of musical facts, and in consequence of so doing deserves to exercise a very important influence on methods of teaching.

Whoever appeals to consciousness knows that in the act of speaking he endeavors merely to articulate certain sounds. The entire mechanism of speech is generally outside the control of volition. Volition, indeed, "turns it on," and sometimes (fortunately) "turns it off;"

but, once a-going, the talking presents itself to the mind merely as the expression of a mental disturbance or irritation commonly supposed by the talker to be an *idea*. This generalized conception of speech is also to a considerable degree true of all reflexes, like, e. g., the work of the shoemaker, as I remarked before; where the entire process seems to him not so much movements of the arm, as "making shoes." But in the case of speech the reflex was acquired before the dawn of self-consciousness, and very few persons ever give it a thought. That speech really does take place in the effort to articulate some sound existing in the mind, is corroborated by a multitude of observations: such as, e. g., the fact that persons with an impediment in their speech are not generally conscious of the imperfection of their articulation. The sound being properly formed in their mind, they are actually unable to hear the imperfect form of it, as they really express it. Only when they hear some one else with the same defect, do they realize how defective their articulate performance really is. This I think is true of all forms of defective articulation. One of my children was unable to pronounce "k" sounds, but instead of it used "t," "tit" for kick, "tandy" for candy, "tart" for cart, etc., and it was not until he was nearly six years old that he was taught to pronounce this element properly.

When a boy I noticed that young people sang very differently from old, especially in the matter of nasal tones, slovenly articulation, etc., and supposed that this arose from the difference in age. Hence it surprised me very much to observe in the South that young negro girls of ten or twelve sang exactly like the old "aunties" of sixty. On reflection, of course, it was easy to see that the resemblance was the necessary result of the young ones imitating the old ones; and the difference I had formerly observed arose from the young having acquired *their* singing from the singing-master, and not from the old ladies. I once taught in a seminary where the singing teacher had a most ridiculous *tremolo*, as well as, also, "the Italian wiggle," and although she used to condemn both these absurdities in the strongest terms, all her pupils had them—though perhaps not in so great perfection!

The Phono-Motor centre is the musical one. While it may be difficult to convince a skeptic that speech is always performed in the effort to realize certain *sounds*, there can be no question whatever when we come to song. The child with a musical ear catches and repeats melodies like a mocking bird. They get the long words most absurdly twisted, but the tune is there. We all know that "nonsense verses" are easier to remember than real poetry. Everybody can repeat "Hickery dickery dock," and the like. Here there can be no intellectual effort, for the words scarcely contain an idea. What man is there who has forgotten the formula:

"Onery, ewery, ickery Ann,
Fillacy, follacy, Nicholas John," etc.?

Or take the musical act of whistling. Who taught the youngsters how to pucker and pout? I once caught one of my young lady pupils playing Beethoven's Sonatas for piano and vio-

lin for her own gratification, and whistling the violin part. I always thought more of her after that.

But to my mind the most singular phenomenon connected with this phono-motor centre is that of playing the piano by ear. That a child should ever be able without instruction to play a tune by ear is indeed remarkable. Here we have this impression of sound so powerfully made in the mind, that the sound-producing centre is able to go beyond the organs of speech and seize upon the unpliant fingers (taught only to pry into things awkwardly and uncunningly,) and with these to work out the inner musical conception;—this is to me a wonder. I have a pupil at the present time who plays so well by ear that I could make her read music only by giving her musical pieces of such subtle structure that she could not unravel them by ear (Schumann especially, and such things as Wm. Mason's "Au Matin.") It has frequently happened to her to play a piece in an entirely different key from what she had learned it in, (as, e. g., in A flat instead of E flat), and not to discover her mistake until nearly through. This shows, also, how small a part muscular sensation has in the act of playing by ear, for in a change of key the chords fall differently under the fingers.

For several years past I have been observing how artists play. It is very difficult to find out their mental conception of music, or rather their mental operations while playing. I would have liked particularly to have learned how Von Bülow played, whether by the memory of the notes as such, or of the musical idea. If the latter, it must have been, I think, by a pretty clear intellectual conception of the form of the thoughts and modulations and the order of their succession.

Miss Rivé told me that when she played without notes she did so from a sort of mental photograph of the notes, every page of the music standing clearly before the mind. Her playing comports with this in its uniform correctness; yet she must sometimes rise above this state of mere intellectual reproduction of the printed page, for she frequently plays with great passion.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood interested me very much in his recent visit to Chicago. He, as you know, also plays without notes. But he says that in playing, the notes do not appear to him at all; but the musical idea and impression; that he never thinks of the letter names of the keys he touches. According to his notion he plays in obedience to a distinctly musical impression existing in his mind. I can very well believe this, for in spite of the enormous amount of difficult music he has read and played, he does not read rapidly at sight at all, even in quite easy pieces.

We have here in Chicago three pianists who read remarkably well. There may be others, but three I know of. They are Mr. Falk, Mr. Liebling, and Mr. Eddy. Mr. Falk reads anything, but he frequently plays too fast and without good effect. Mr. Liebling not only reads very rapidly but remembers a piece after two or three times playing it. Nevertheless I have heard him several times lately play the bass so heavily as to cover up the melody. This seems to me to indicate that the playing

does not take place in obedience to the desire of producing such and such sounds, or if so, that the performance is not adequately supervised by the ear. The only person I have ever known who was distinctively a "good reader," and at the same time played as if he was reproducing a musical effect distinctly present in consciousness, is Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, the organist. I am aware that the essentially musical character of Eddy's playing is denied by many, who affirm it to be merely an intellectual performance devoid of feeling. This mistake arises, I think, from their not giving due weight to the elaborate structure of the pieces Mr. Eddy loves to play, especially on the organ; and to the grave and impassive tone of the organ itself. At all events, this much is true, that Mr. Eddy rarely fails to phrase clearly, to play his piece in suitable tempo, and to set the prominent ideas in a proper co-ordination. Now he tells me that between the perception of the notes and the performance of them an entirely complete conception of the music intervenes, so that he *hears the music before he plays it*. Everything in the playing conforms to this idea.

I have no hesitation, therefore, in advancing the idea that in all playing the musical effect ought to be conceived before the performance; that is, that the act of playing must resolve itself into an effort to produce an external copy of the musical impression in the mind of the player. In my opinion the great failure of common players is here. They do not *think their music*, but play in the mere effort to reproduce certain combinations visibly represented before their eyes.

If time and space served I would be glad to enter into the question of ordinary musical instruction, and to inquire how far it seems likely to foster and increase whatever musical perception the pupil may naturally have had. Is not the habit of playing exclusively by notes necessarily detrimental to the player's conception of the playing as music? Can the musical influence of dry *études* be otherwise than bad? In this connection one should read Wieck's "Piano and Song." The unmusical quality of the average pianist is well understood. Why should this be true of pianists and not of violinists?

If the existence of this phono-motor centre be admitted, and the consequences to which it leads be fully traced out, it will effect a revolution in current methods of instruction, a few points of which I think I see. It will lead to, for instance, (1) the practice of technical exercises by rote; (2) the disuse of unimaginative *études* such as Czerny's; and (3) the habit of memorizing music, especially in the earlier stages of instruction.

Jakderjantkilleren.

A Wagnerian Teatraylogy, or Art-poem-libretto, with a good deal of Cupan Sorcery in it, accompanied by some indication of the glorious Unconventional Music of the Future.

(From "Mr. Punch's Pocket Book.")

(Concluded from Page 397.)

We will now proceed to give very briefly some indication of its style.

ACT I.

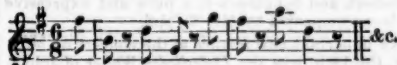
SCENE 1.—The Caves of the Vok-sen. Invisible chorus. Then the three Vokessisters are seen spinning on one leg each. They are followed by the Genli Boux-

TERS, MANFREDVOKES, UNDERDONEVOKES, RAW-DONEVOKES, and QUITEDONEVOKES. Trio by RUSHVOKES (dancing), VICTORIAVOKES, and JESSIEVOKES.

Chorus.

'Doorlane we fill! we fill!
Fill high! Fill! Fill!
Vokes et prateroa nill!
Nill! Nill! Nill! Nill!

(There are about 800 more lines, giving some account of the Phamilli Vokesen, and of the rapid steps they've taken to secure success. It ends, however, after an hour, when MANFREDVOKES expresses his loftiest sentiments by throwing his leg over the head of VICTORIAVOKES while spinning, and catching it, for doing so, on the other side. Without any pause in the music, or in the action, Wagner continues to this unceasing strain



which is known in Wagnerian circles as Der Klire.) Now suddenly mists envelope the scene, and the notes of a fog horn (a wonderful effect) are heard. The mists clear, and JAKDERJANTKILLEREN enters mounted on his war steed, Basketoss. He canters round, followed by the Volkosen, and then strikes an attitude.

So'o.

Jak. I am Jak der Jantkiller,
And I live in a little willa,
In the land that I love best (*bis*).
My name is Jak,
With a crack and a whack
I hit, I hit

All (dancing). The Jants in the back.
With a crack (*drums*) and a whack,
[Drums and cymbals for at least half an hour.]

Jak. I hit! I hit!
All. He hits! he hits!

[They hit each other. Drum. All except JAK fall.

Threnody (in B minor).

Strewn on the ground
Before his conquering hand
We lie! we lie! a very helpless band!

Gentlemen of the Orchestra (*furiously joining in a most surprising and startling vocal effect.*)

You lie! you lie! we're not a helpless band!

[Tremendous excitement. Discords everywhere. At last the storm is allayed by the Composer, who distributes notes profusely. The VOKESEN rise and bend the knee to JAK. *.* This sudden méele of orchestra-vocal and singer-vocal is one of the most striking features of the opera.

Jak (recitative). I wish to know my fate
Before it is too late.

[This is thoughtful of the All-poet, as already three hours have been consumed in getting thus far.

Manfred Vokesen (*beckoning with his leg*).

Come hither! come hither!

Invisible Spirits (*without*).

From whither? from whither?

. Here follow 2,500 lines of question and answer chorus on the subject of spirits generally, the advantages of temperance, and the relative merits of the Kirschwasser and Schiedlhammering spirits.

[Thunder, lightning. The caves disappear and discover—

SCENE 2.—Halls by the Sea of Dazzling Night-Lights. The Genius-King PANTOMMI is abdicating in favor of his Great Unkel, BURLISCO THE BOLD.

Chorus. Pantommi, make room for your unkel!

[A magic fawn runs swiftly across the stage. This is a beautifully characteristic Wagnerian idea cleverly introduced for the sake of illustrating the second line of the chorus—

Chorus. There's a little deer!
Pantommi, make room, etc., etc.

[JAK kneels, and PANTOMMI's uncle, the Good Genius of Fêtes, BURLISCO THE BOLD, thus addresses him; of course, to music:

Burlisco. Take now this ring, 'tis thine,
Freely 'tis given thee,
For 'tis not mine.
Take it! Wed
Leetelred
Ridinood. What more's to be said?
She has no lore, can scarcely spell,

Can neither read nor write too well,
And having no knowledge in her head
'Tis why she's called the Leetel-red!

All. Take now this ring, and take the sword and cap!

Cut with the sword. Thou art a lucky chap!

The cap will make thee invisible,

Jak. Exciting my faculties reliable.

Burlisco. For (*solemnly*) what art thou but man?

Pantommi. And what is the mystery?

The history.

All. Why should we toil?

Why should we slave?

Why on earth should we, etc., etc.

[Here Wagner introduces a sort of sacred oratorio descriptive of the serious troubles of life, from shaving to foreign stocks, and gives one inexpressibly touching bit, where the hero is supposed to have some difficulty with his slippers—a remarkable composition, arranged for three shoe-stringed instruments. After this, JAK returns to the subject of the opera, and asks where he may find his future bride.

Burlisco (*answering*).

Over the hills! and up and down!

She lives with her mother in Kamden Town.

[The back of the stage opens, discovering LEETELRED RIDINOOD in the cottage of MOTHER HUBBARD in Kamden Town.

Jak. I love her! I love her! To her I incline!
Answer me dearest, wilt thou be mine?

Leetelred (*from the back*).

Whoever thou art,

I never will part

From old Mother Hubbard, my dear Mother Hubbard,

Until she has got nothing more in her cupboard,

Then I'll be thine—

Then—I'll be thine!

[Here follows one of those mad passionate duets, at once powerful and pathetic, dismal and delightful, in which all Herr Wagner's force is most apparent. It is interrupted by thunder, lightning, storm—the scene disappears—a shower of fire descends—flames burst out—and in the centre, at back, on a rock, appears ROCKITSTUECKEN, the King of the Firewürkers, holding LEETELRED RIDINOOD in his grasp. The cottage of Mother Hubbard is in flames in the background.

Rockit. She is mine! I claim her. Now away!
Spirits of Fire, obey! obey!

[Magnificent chorus of the Firewürkers. JAK rushes towards ROCKITSTUECKEN and attempts to attack him, but is powerless, as the cap and sword are of no avail. The musical effect is grand, being thus produced—

(Rockit (*defiant*). Thou art mine!
Trio. Leetelred (*imploringly*). Oh, not thine!
JAK (*despairingly*). Never mine!
Chorus (*accompanying at intervals*).
She is his!
Is she his?
Is she? (*with trumpets*).
His is she?

Burlisco, } Duet—consulting on the best means to
Pantommi, } help JAK.

[ROCKITSTUECKEN is seen bearing her off, and ascending in fire in the distance, when suddenly BURLISCO and PANTOMMI seize JAK and bring him forward. In an excited trio they give him the following information—

The Trio. There is a house that Jak built,
There is a cow, and a moon, and a dog,
To live in the house that Jak built.

Jak. But the spoon? and the dish?

The Trio. For the spoon you may wish.

She is yours.

(Giving another ring.)

This secures

Her for ever for you.

Jak. But what must I do?

They then tell him, in a duet of about 500 lines and lasting during the best part of an hour, how that, in order to gain the only talisman which will take him unscathed through the fire to rescue Leetelred, he must go to the Salamander's Home. Whereupon Jak rubs the ring—his ring is immediately answered, and the scene changes to—

SCENE 3 and last of Act 1.—The Salamander's Home. The Great Magician, JORGE ORQUESTUS SALA-MANDER discovered surrounded by his Winged Genli the PENHOLDEREN and GUQUILLEN.

In a majestic solo description, or rather prescription, of the talisman which he is about to make up for Jak in a packet, the Great Sala-mander gives him a history of the Past, Present, and Future, with accounts of a great many things not generally known, and when known not much understood. Here, of course, is a genuine theme for Wagner's genius, and he revels in the opportunity.

The Great Salamander.

Take this talisman of fire-wasser

Through the fire, like a passer;
That is, like a bird you'll go—
Do you hear me? Ho! ho! ho!

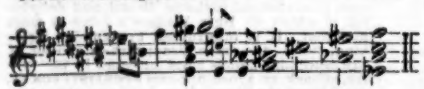
Whereupon all join in the most sublime triumphant laughing chorus of "Ho! ho! ho!" that has ever been heard on any stage. Demons in the distance derisively sing the same words. The thunder roars, the lightning flashes, the Salamanders sing, the Voksesen dance madly. The Firewörken King in the distance (there is a long way to go) is seen bearing off the fainting Leetelred Riddinood, who stretches out her arms towards Jäk, when suddenly they are met, right at the back, at the very extent of the stage, by the figure of a Radiant and Beautiful Woman, the Queen Catherine Wheel, who, jealous of her husband's choice (the subject is unpleasant, but that's the worst of Wagner, he will do it even when he's been asked not to—and it really does keep a great many families from taking lodgings at Bayreuth to see the play), stops him at the threshold of the Fire Kingdom, and demands the expulsion or death of Leetelred. This situation is watched with the deepest interest by the characters below, and by everybody generally, specially by the gentlemen in the orchestra, who, being tired, and wanting to go out for refreshment, are afraid that this sudden introduction of a new character into the *dramatis personæ* will open up an entirely new plot, but luckily this is not the Art-composer's idea: for, with a banging and clanging of cymbals, air-machine pumping, and fireworks, the First Act concludes, and the curtain falls on one of the most magnificent and exciting spectacular tableaux ever presented on any stage.

Bliss and red fire. End of Act I. Part the First.

Up to now we have not, as may be seen, made any considerable progress with the *actual* Legend of Jäk der Jiantkiller. The first part is but a prelude to the story, and, of course, is, as may have been already surmised, absolutely essential to the development of the All-Poet's consistent design.

The last bars of the act are overpowering in their great significance—

For all the Strings and Brass.



Drums, &c.



Da Capo till tired.

Cymbals: A very pretty effect.



And with this simultaneous passage, this portion of the Teatraylogy is brought to a conclusion, which must have been satisfactory whenever it came.

The second act is occupied with Jäk's prowess among the Jiants, when he is on the point of rescuing Leetelred, but falls, as she is carried off by the Wolf Jiant to his castle. Here we have the animals introduced for the first time.

The last part we have already briefly described, and there is not now, we deeply regret to say, sufficient space at our command to give our readers more than a mere *scoupçon* of the taste of Herr Wagner's quality and quantity. It is hoped, however, that before long the All-Poet and composer may be able to induce some company to listen to his musical proposals and build him a theatre in England—say in Leicester Square, where the premises have been vacant for years—when will be produced for the first time in this or any other country, the Opera-Poem of which the foregoing résumé has been but the merest indication, entitled

JÄKDERJANTKILLEREN.

London Popular Concerts for 1877.

(RETROSPECT.)

(From the London Times.)

At Monday's Popular Concert, January 8th, first of the new year, Mr. Arthur Chappell made his patrons an acceptable gift in the shape of another previously unheard quartet by Haydn—the C major, Op. 50 (No. 2). As fresh, ingenious, and charming as any of its companions, this quartet, finely played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, was heard with undiminished interest from one end to the other. No fitter antidote for much that has recently tended to corrupt the public taste could be found than the vigorous music of Haydn, the frequent recourse to which just now is a healthy and re-assuring symptom. "The more of Haydn the better" cannot be urged too often in the interests of genuine art. Mozart's *Divertimento* in B flat for

stringed instruments, one of his early Salzburg productions, but not the less graceful and attractive on that account, was also in the programme. The pianist was Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who gave weight and dignity to her first appearance by what was on the whole an admirable performance of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata"—thus baptized by Cranz, the Hamburg publisher, though styled simply, "Sonata in F minor, Op. 57," by its composer. We thought that Mdlle. Krebs made a little too much out of the unpretentious *andante*, as though to exhibit what Molière, in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, denominates "le beau de la chose;" but the first and third movements (the last taken at a prodigious pace) were beyond criticism. Mdlle. Krebs also joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's early sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (F major)—a performance in all respects excellent. The vocalist was Mdlle. Thekla Friedländer, who gave songs by J. S. Bach, Schubert, and Schumann in a pure and expressive style, accompanied by Mr. Zerbini.

An important new feature at the concert on Monday, the 15th, was the *Liedlieder-Walzer* of Johannes Brahms. This consists of no fewer than eighteen numbers, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, with a quartet of voices *ad libitum*. So long and uninterrupted a series of movements in three-four measure might threaten to become monotonous; but Herr Brahms has so cleverly varied their character and rhythmical structure, and so sympathetically caught the spirit of the verses (from the *Polydora* of Daumer) to which they are allied, that little or no sense of monotony is incurred. The idea is happy, if not quite new, Spohr, in his charming *Lied*, "Beneath the silver beams of Luna," and others of the kind, having anticipated it. The performance was excellent on all hands, the pianoforte part being very effectively played by Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and the parts for voices admirably rendered by Mdllcs. Löwe and Redeker, Messrs. Shakespeare and Pyatt. The audience were evidently pleased both with the composition and its rendering. Another novelty was Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianofortes, which, however brilliantly executed by the two ladies just named, did not impress us greatly. Far better than either Brahms or Chopin was Mendelssohn, represented by his early quartet in E flat (Op. 12), which could hardly have been interpreted more conformably with the spirit of its composer than by Messrs. Henry Holmes, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. The delicious *canzonetta* in G minor was, as usual, encored. This was the eighteenth performance of the same quartet at St. James's Hall. Two of Schumann's charming "Spanisches Liederspiel" (to Geibel's poetry), for four voices and accompaniment for two performers, were also contributed. The concert, one of the most attractive of the series, ended with Beethoven's trio in G for pianoforte and stringed instruments, played by Mdlle. Krebs, Mr. Holmes, and Signor Piatti.

At the next Saturday afternoon's concert Signor Piatti introduced a somewhat dry sonata by Giorgio Antonioti, a Milanese virtuoso of the seventeenth century. Originally composed for that almost exploded instrument, the viol da gamba, it suits the violoncello just as well; and Signor Piatti, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict, played it to perfection. The pianist was Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who gave Beethoven's sonata, *Les Adieux*, *l'Absence*, *et le Retour*, about which so many fantastic legends have been written, with great spirit and brilliancy. The concert began with Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, always interesting as having been the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert (Feb. 14, 1859). It was finely executed by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, and Piatti, two of whom by the way—the second and last mentioned—took part in the same quintet on the occasion to which we refer, eighteen years ago, when M. Wieniawski was principal violin and Mr. Doyle viola. Monday's concert (Jan. 22) began with the first of the three quartets dedicated by Beethoven to Count Razumowski (that in F), which, admirable as they are, is not excelled by either of its followers. It was in this quartet, as in his *Sinfonia Eroica* for the orchestra, that Beethoven declared his independence of all previous models, and invented a new art-world of his own. The Thirty-two Variations on an original theme in C minor, for pianoforte alone, which immediately succeeded the Razumowski quartet, proclaim an equal independence. Only Beethoven could have imagined them. These were given with wonderful spirit by Mdlle. Krebs, who also joined Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's *Tema con variazioni*, for pianoforte and violoncello (originally composed for his brother Paul), and Herr

Straus in one of the early violin sonatas (D) dedicated by Beethoven to his *quasi*-instructor, Antonio Salieri. At both these concerts the singers were German—Mdlle. Redeker on Saturday, Mdllcs. Thekla Friedländer and Redeker on Monday; and at both we had exclusively German songs, in the German language. Surely there are some English, French, Italian, and even Spanish songs worth an occasional hearing. This perpetual adherence to the German *Lied* smacks a little too much of the "toujours perdrix." We don't object to Schumann and Brahms—far less to Schubert; but a change now and then would be agreeable to Mr. Chappell's audience, even at the sacrifice of Lassen, Rubinstein, and others who could be named.

At the concert on Saturday (Jan. 27) a hitherto unknown quartet by Mozart was introduced. By "unknown" we mean to a large majority of the English musical public, few of whom are aware that, besides the familiar "ten," published in score, Mozart wrote two-and-twenty others. The one introduced by Mr. Chappell on the present occasion was composed in 1773, nine years before the celebrated set of six dedicated to Haydn, by which Mozart, as a writer of quartets, is chiefly recognized. The key is D minor, and, though of quite independent construction, the period at which it appeared borne in mind, the quartet in D minor is a masterpiece. The *finale*, an elaborately developed fugue, will be less readily understood than what preceded it. The second movement, *andante grazioso*, full of the Orphean melody which invariably distinguishes the Salzburg musician, was encored, and the entire quartet warmly received. It is a welcome addition to a repertory already extensive without parallel. The *Liedlieder-Walzer*, by Brahms, were repeated, with the same performers, vocal and instrumental; and so was the duet for two pianofortes by Chopin (played again by Misses Krebs and Zimmermann)—though hardly, we think, with equally good reason. Monday evening's concert (Jan. 29) began with Schumann's third quartet (A major), in some respects the most labored and least engaging of the series of three dedicated to Mendelssohn. The *finale*, notwithstanding the several episodes, is intolerably monotonous. The sonata was Beethoven's No. 3 of the set inscribed to Haydn, played with great vigor and mechanical correctness by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. No. 5 of Spohr's last set of *Salon Stücke* for violin, a somewhat cloying composition, was introduced by Mr. Henry Holmes (one of Spohr's most valued pupils); and the concert ended with Schubert's interesting trio in B flat for piano, violin, and violoncello, about which, and its companion in E flat, Schumann, in his *Gesammelte Schriften*, indulges in such singular rhapsodies. Four vocal duets (all German, of course) were introduced by two German ladies (Mdllcs. Friedländer and Redeker), the last of which, Rubinstein's "Nachtlied," obtained an encore. Sir Julius Benedict was the accompanist. At the concert on Saturday (Feb. 3) Mdlle. Marie Krebs played Dusek's magnificent sonata, the *Plus Ultra*. Better late than never. We may hope now to hear, occasionally, more from the extensive repertory of Mdme. Arabella Goddard.

The first appearance of Herr Joseph Joachim has for very many years been the looked-for event of the early musical season. Among all the great violinists who from time to time have appeared at the Popular Concerts, or elsewhere among us, Herr Joachim is indisputably the greatest. There are no differences of opinion about him; and in this respect, indeed, he may be said to stand alone. Amateurs and musicians are here alike agreed. With reference to his technical proficiency and refined musical organization it would be at this time superfluous to speak; but the noblest trait in Herr Joachim's artistic individuality cannot too often, or too earnestly, be dwelt upon. We allude to the utter forgetfulness of self in whatever he undertakes to play. He is the genuine expounder of the writings of great masters. When he comes before us, bow in hand and fiddle on shoulder, we only think of the composer; and it is not till the work approaches its conclusion that we have time to reflect upon the irreproachable character of the performance to which we have been listening. This, after all, is the real triumph of executive art. It may seem strange to add, but it is, nevertheless, true, that, while the most practised of virtuosos, Joseph Joachim is literally no virtuoso at all. Whether engaged with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn, it is all the same; he is never Joachim, but always the master whose thoughts he is interpreting. Genuine virtuosos—men like Liszt, Buelow, Rubinstein, etc.—invite, nay, force us to consider almost exclu-

sively the personality and distinguishing characteristics of the executant, without reference to the music selected for the exhibition of their powers. With Joachim, however, the case is precisely the opposite. His sole idea is to enforce the claims to consideration of the master works confided to his keeping. At the Monday Popular Concert of February 3rd, to which the undiminished and undiminished attraction of Herr Joachim's name had brought together an enormous audience, he led two quartets—Beethoven's "Rasounowski," in C (No. 3), and one of the several examples which Haydn has bequeathed to us, in the key of G. These have nothing in common but the exquisite symmetry of their form, the methods of development being entirely different. Yet Herr Joachim won the strong sympathy of his hearers in both, and no wonder. His coadjutors were MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. The mysterious and wonderful *andante*, in A minor, by Beethoven, thus rendered, was of itself something to bring back any concert to memory. The solo chosen by Herr Joachim was Bach's *Chaconne* with variations (twenty-nine in number), which, often as he has played it, he never played in more magnificent style. That he was rapturously encored may be readily believed, and that, as usual, he substituted a shorter piece by the same composer. In fact, Herr Joachim's return to the Popular Concerts was a new gratification to the audience, and a new triumph for the artist. The pianist was Mdle. Marie Krebs, who, by reviving Clementi's beautiful sonata in C (No. 1 of Op. 34), which has not been played since it was first introduced by Mad. Arabella Goddard, so far back as 1860, afforded general and unqualified satisfaction. Though, in our opinion, the opening movement was taken somewhat too fast, and the *andante* wanted a little more sentiment (pass the word), the *rondo finale* was given in perfection, and the whole marked by a correctness, combined with precision, that fully accounted for the unanimous applause bestowed. We should like to hear of this accomplished young lady oftener in music of the Clementi, Dussek, and Woelfi period. She has already taken in hand the *Plus Ultra* of Dussek; and a vast field lies before her in the same direction. Such nimble, agile fingers as hers are equal to any undertaking. The singer was Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose chief success was deservedly earned in Beethoven's quaint and, at the same time, poetical song, "Der Wachtelschlag," which he sang to the English version of Mr. W. Hills—"Mark! 'tis the note of the quail." Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist.

[To be Continued.]

Our Music, Past and Present.

It can hardly have been forgotten that some two years ago there was an announcement made of an impending bequest for the establishment in New York of what was to be called a Musical College, which was to be "dedicated to the daughters of America." They will also probably remember that, although the announcement took the somewhat formidable shape of a pamphlet, and the sum mentioned as forthcoming for the college was a trifle of three millions of dollars, a very considerable part of which was to be expended for an enormous building, "with the statue of the founder over the entrance," we were not very profoundly impressed by the project, and indeed, to use a common phrase, did not take much stock in it. And thus far we believe the Faculty of the college has not been nominated; Herr Richard Wagner has not assumed the presidency; the first stone of the building has not been laid; nor has the statue of the founder been modeled. The daughters of America being thus bereft of their college, they turned, doubtless with eager expectation, to Mr. Strakosch, and looked for consolation in his to-be-magnificent opera house. Alas for the fate of America's daughters! Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. The opera house and the musical college are alike misty, nebulous, inchoate, not even advanced to the dignity of chaos. The daughters must wait, and perhaps their daughters, or their daughters' daughters, may see with glad eyes the statue of the founder of a three-million musical college to them dedicated.

We have no conservatory of music in New York; we have no such operatic establishment as may be found in most of the great cities of Europe, nor does it seem at all likely that we shall have either for many years. But it would be very wrong to infer from the fact of our lack of two such institutions the absence of a widely diffused taste for the best music. The reasons of our deficiency in these respects are social and political, not natural or educational.

We, or a very large proportion of us, love music instinctively, and of our natural music-lovers a very large proportion have sufficient culture not only to enjoy but to appreciate performances of the works of the best masters in all the forms of music, from opera to symphony. Whoever doubts this, doubts in ignorance or in prejudice, or in both. If we do not support opera—and undoubtedly we do not—and if we do not demand a school of music corresponding to the European conservatories, it is because the distribution of wealth and the constitution of society here are so different from what they are in Europe. We have wealth and wealthy people, but no wealthy class; and for the support of great musical institutions, such a class seems absolutely required. The manager of an opera-house in Europe is able to count upon the support of a large number of patrons of established wealth and position, who will pay largely through a whole season and almost every season. To them an opera-box is a part of the appanage of their rank. And even chance opera-goers there willingly pay a price which here cannot be extorted except for the inferior performances of amateurs, the sound of whose voices is supposed not to be heard outside a certain gilded circle of wealth, if not of fashion. Five dollars and seven dollars and a-half are common prices for stall tickets to the opera in Europe. Here such prices exclude all except the very richest people, and even of those there are not many who would be likely to take four seats on those terms through a whole season. Moreover, the most cultivated people are not generally to be found with us among the wealthy. They are found there, of course, but generally they are persons of moderate means, to whom the expenditure of twenty dollars for the amusement of two or three people (which would be required for carriage, etc.) is a matter not to be thought of, except on rare and special occasions. The newly-rich spend their money in other ways. As to government aid or aristocratic patronage, that with us is impossible.

But the conclusions which some musical foreigners who come among us draw from these facts, even when they remain for years—that we are not a music-loving or music-understanding people—are not only unwarranted, but often laughably absurd. A certain Mr. Bonawitz, who formerly dwelt in Philadelphia, but who has shaken the dust of brotherly love from his feet and lives in Vienna, has lately made himself particularly ridiculous on this subject in the *Theatre Journal* of that city. He finds that Boston is the chief city for music in America, and he also finds that, owing to the Puritanism of that place, musical performances there are chiefly of a religious character. Amazing Mr. Bonawitz! For yet, in this Puritanic, religiously-musical town, he is obliged to confess that Strauss and his waltzes were the most favorably received. He tells a story—that even in Boston, thirty years ago, one Schmitt made the experiment of playing the Fifth Symphony, and at rehearsal took the first movement in *andantino* time, which was received by the performers with favor; but that, at the performance, venturing to quicken the time to *allegretto*, he found that neither the musicians nor the audience could endure it, and he was "unceremoniously dismissed"—from what? It is possible that Mr. Bonawitz may find believers of such a story in Europe, for there are people there who would have believed him if he had added that the audience rose in their war paint, scalped the luckless Schmitt, roasted him at the chandelier, and devoured his flesh amid howlings, *largo sostenuto*; and that from that time to this no conductor in America has ever dared to play an *allegro* movement any faster than *andantino*. Mr. Bonawitz was not in Boston, probably not out of the nursery, at the time of which this story is told, and some demure Yankee, seeing the capacity of his swallow, crammed him with this monstrous fiction. Mr. Bonawitz should have known that the Philharmonic Society of New York is nearly thirty years old; and that before the formation of that society there were others here, some of them formed of amateurs, in which symphonies were performed, not in a very finished style probably, but with the *allegro* movements in just time, and with a keen enjoyment of their beauties, both by the performers and the audience. There is an infinite deal of nonsense talked upon this subject by others than the Bonawitzes. The fact is that the numbers of our lovers of the higher music have increased, partly from the natural growth of population, partly from advanced culture, and partly from the immigration of foreigners, chiefly Germans; and that the precision, the mechanical finish of our orchestral performances has notably improved. But

as to real, intelligent enjoyment and understanding of the best instrumental, operatic, or oratorio performances, it may be doubted whether that was not greater twenty or twenty-five years ago than it is now.—N. Y. Times.

The Monument to Auber.

The career of Auber was almost unparalleled in the history of the lyric drama. Rossini abandoned operatic composition in the prime of life; but it was not so long before 1871 that Auber had brought out his last production, the "Rève d'Amour," which, however, failed to be of the same interest as his penultimate work, "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," the music of which is so fresh and charming. Of his last moments, M. Wekerlin has written a touching narrative. Had Auber lived a few months longer, he would have reached his ninetieth year. He had the symptoms in 1869 of the illness which proved fatal to him in 1871, when he was broken-hearted at the misfortunes of his country. At his house in the Rue Saint-Georges, he played on the pianoforte some string quartets he had composed during the siege of Paris. Four days before his decease he expressed his regret at being unable to continue his compositions. He was consoled by the visit of Mdle. Marie Roze (the prima donna of his "Premier Jour de Bonheur"); she told him that she had been asked to sing for wounded Communists. He replied—"Ma petite . . . il ne faut pas chanter pour la Commune—je ne l'aime pas." On the 12th of May, 1871, in his delirium, he called for the copyist: his last words were—"Mettez la pédale douce. Ah, mon Dieu! que je souffre! je ne puis donc pas mourir." Soon after, he was no more.

No grave was found, in 1871, for his remains. The body was deposited—without prayer or ceremonial—in a vault in the cemetery Montmartre. But there were devoted friends, who, when calm was restored in Paris, resolved that due honor should be paid to the memory of Auber; and among these faithful adherents was M. Brandus, a German by birth, although long naturalized in Paris, and known as the publisher of Meyerbeer's works. A committee was formed of celebrities in art and literature, to raise a subscription for the removal of the remains to Père la Chaise, and to erect therein a monument. Amongst the members of the committee are—the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts; the President, le Marquis de Chennevières (Director of Fine Arts); M. Ambroise Thomas (Principal of the Conservatoire); MM. Gounod, Reber, Massé, Bazin, Hérold (son of the composer), Halanzier (Director of the Grand Opera), Carvalho (Director of the Opera Comique), Deldorve (Conductor of the Conservatoire Concerts), Alexandre Dumas, Emile Perrin (Director of the Théâtre Français), Brandus, Baron Taylor (President of the Association des Artistes Musiciens), M. Maquet (President of the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques), etc. M. Lefuel was selected for the architect. The tomb in Père la Chaise is to the right of the grand avenue, opposite the grave of the unfortunate generals, Lecomte and Clement Thomas. And, during the month of December, the body of Auber was removed to the final resting-place.

The ceremony was imposing. It had not the spectacular grandeur of Rossini's interment; but was remarkable from the evident sorrow manifested by the thousands of mourners who filled the central avenue of Père la Chaise from the entrance gates to the summit of the steep ascent. Much of the order and regularity which prevailed must be ascribed to the temperate conduct of the police, who were firm yet respectful in doing their duty. Those who remembered the ruffianism of the police, under the imperial régime, at Rossini's funeral, could not but contrast with it the freedom from disorder and violence that exists under the republic. The day's ceremonial had two divisions: the one, the Roman service for the dead; the other, the artistic ceremony. The former was confined to a single priest, with five acolytes, bearing the cross, tapers, holy-water, etc. But the latter was marked by the discourses of celebrities. Punctually at three o'clock the funeral honors were commenced before the monument, which is not of a costly character. The grave is covered with the coffin-shaped piece of stone of the Jura (like our Portland stone); at the extremity there is a square block, whereon, on a kind of console, is the bust of Auber (by the late Perraud, the sculptor), with the date of birth, and of decease, over the bust—(given, by the way, as the 12th of May, 1871, and not the 11th, according to M. Wekerlin)

—on a black marble pyramid, which is surmounted by a gilt cross. On this pyramid, or rather obelisk, are inscribed the titles of Auber's numerous compositions. The only ornament is a lyre engraved on the stone. The tomb is enclosed within an iron railing.—*Athenaeum*.

CHICAGO, MARCH 8.—Since my last, the musical state has been rather dry here. I may except, however, the inauguration of the concert organ in the Hershey Hall, and two matinées given there by Miss Rivé the pianist.

The organ itself is of three manuals, and was built by Johnson and Son (Westfield). It was designed expressly for concert use, and although not large as large organs go, it is so finely appointed and so well adapted to the room it stands in as to make it an extremely musical and effective instrument.

THE GREAT ORGAN contains nine stops: 16' Bourdon, 8' Open diapason, 8' Gamba, 8' Rohr Flöte, 4' Octave, 2 1/2' Twelfth, 2' Fifteenth, 3 ranks Mixture, and 8' Trumpet.

THE SWELL ORGAN: 16' Lieblich Gedacht, Bass to same, 8' open Diapason, 8' Salicional, 8' Aeoline, 8' Voix Celeste, 8' St. Diapason, 4' Violin, 4' Travers Flute, 8' Oboe, 8' Cornopean.

THE SOLO ORGAN: 8' Keraulophon, 8' Dulciana, 8' Melodia, 4' Fugara, 4' Flute d'Amour, 2' Piccolo, 8' Clarinet (46 pipes).

THE PEDAL ORGAN: 16' Open Diapason, 16' Bourdon, 8' Violoncello, 8' Fagotto.

ACCESSORY STOPS: Swell to Great, Solo to Great, Swell to Solo, Swell sub-octave coupler, Swell to pedale, Solo to pedale, Great to pedale, Tremolo, Pedal Check. Total draw-stops, 40.

COMBINATION PEDALS: 1. Great forte, 2. Great piano (double acting), 3. Swell forte, 4. Swell piano (double acting), 5. Solo forte, 6. Solo piano (double acting), 7. Great to Ped. (reversible), 8. Full organ, 9. Pedal forte, 10. Pedal piano, 11. Tremolo. Balanced Swell Pedal. Wind Indicator.

Organists will readily perceive that this instrument affords opportunity for the satisfactory performance of any legitimate organ music whatever. The voicing is remarkably fine, the stops being as well individualized as in any instrument I have ever examined. Were I to criticize it at all it would be to desire a certain additional freedom and ease in the tone of the full organ. Here doubtless, the builder was hampered too much by fear of voicing too strong for the size of the room, which is only 70x80 and 22 ft. high.

Mr. Eddy has commenced a series of organ recitals which take place at 12 o'clock Saturdays. The first one had this programme:

1. Sonata No. 2, in G minor.....Merkel
2. Rhapsodie, No. 3.....Saint-Saëns
3. Fugue in G minor (the little).....Bach
4. "Song of Penitence".....Beethoven
Mrs. Hershey.
5. Introduction and Variations.....Archer
6. Cantilene Pastorale.....Guilmant
- a. Sunset, (op. 76, No. 4.) }
b. Storm and Sunshine No. 5. }.....Dudley Buck
Mrs. Hershey.
8. Concert-Satz in E flat minor.....Thiele

Feb. 22nd and 24th Miss Rivé gave two matinées in this hall with the following programmes:

- I.
1. Beethoven—Third Concerto.
Miss Rivé.
(Orchestral parts on the organ by Mr.
H. C. Eddy.)
2. Guilmant—Priere in F.
Lachner—Marche Célebre.
Mr. Eddy.
3. Rubinstein—"The dew is Sparkling."
Mrs. Stacy.
4. Chopin—a. Ballade in G minor, op. 23.
b. Rondo in Eb, op. 16.
5. Ritter—Organ Sonata in D minor.
6. Mendelssohn—"Infelice."
7. Wagner—Liszt—a. Spinning Song.
b. Tannhäuser March.

In the second concert the organ solos were Guilmant's "Moreau de Concert," and Best's arrangement of the "Schiller March," which as well as the accompaniment to the concerto were played by Mr. Eddy. Miss Rivé played:

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|------------------------------------|-----------|
| Sonata in Eb, op. 27..... | Beethoven |
| Marche Funèbre..... | |
| Impromptu in C sharp minor, }..... | Chopin |
| Scherzo in B flat minor, }..... | |
| Concerto in E flat..... | Liszt |

These programmes, as will be seen, are no longer so exhaustive as those Miss Rivé gave us last year, but they are still something above those Essipoff gave us, and what they have lost in length they have more than made up in quality of playing. I was very anxious to hear Miss Rivé again after hearing Essipoff, and now that I have had that pleasure, I do not hesitate to re-affirm all I have heretofore written in these pages in her praise. For in all the points of good playing I find her not only

to have gained since last year, but to be at the present time in all important respects equal to the best. In breadth and vigor of interpretation, and sustained power in brilliant passages, and in clearness, repose, and magnetic qualities of playing I place her above any lady pianist I have ever heard. (1) As between her and Essipoff there will always be some inclined to claim for the latter a superior refinement. But by the accident of her piano not having been tuned to the organ, I happened to hear Miss Rivé rehearse both concertos on a piano precisely similar to the one Essipoff carries, and without affirming that instrument to be superior to the one Miss Rivé habitually plays, I may be permitted to say that the quality of tone (the *timbre*) is unlike, and the difference is such as to account for a great deal of the peculiar "sweetness" and liquid quality of Essipoff's touch; for on this occasion precisely the same impression of refinement was received, but with it a much greater force and a better sustained execution than that of the admirable Russian pianiste. At all events, without seeking to compare them, we may I think accept Miss Rivé as a star of the first magnitude, who in consequence of the irrepressible piano-maker is doing more just now to elevate the standard of piano-playing in this country than any other influence whatever. (1) Last week she played away up in Wisconsin, at Ripon and Milwaukee, this week at Keokuk, Burlington, and Boone, Iowa, next week at St. Louis, the week after in New York. April 19th she plays in Cincinnati, and so it goes; and everywhere the programmes are of the same high character, and played with the same conscientiousness, and with the same charm. DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1877.

Concerts.

EIGHTH HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT (Music Hall, March 1). A fine audience, and very general satisfaction with the matter and the rendering of the following programme:—

- Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck
Recit: "Tis enough! all I loved have gone down to the grave."
Chorus of Priestesses: "O land, ordained for mourning."
Aria and Chorus: "Oh, most forlorn Iphigenia" from "Iphigenia in Tauris".....Gluck
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Symphony No. 8, in F.....Beethoven

Female Chorus (three-part, with Orch): "Sleep, noble child," from "Blanche de Provence," Cherubini

Pupils of Madame Rudersdorff.

Piano forte Concerto, No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22, Saint Saëns

B. J. Lang.
Songs, from "Klänge aus der Kinderwelt," Taubert
a. "Little Jacob."
b. "The hungry sparrows begging at the window."

c. "The Farmer and the Pigeons."
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Overture to "Fidelio," in E, No. 4.....Beethoven

Gluck's noble Overture was played without regard to Wagner's innovations (see his Letter in our last two numbers), but in the old way as to *tempi*, and with Mozart's (musically) most appropriate and effective ending. Indeed we feel, in spite of Wagner, that the Allegro might have been taken even a little faster to advantage, and without sacrificing the *maestoso* character. To offset Wagner's argument for continuing the Andante time throughout,—that the score in the first French edition bears no mark of change, we may cite Gluck's overture to "Alceste," where the short introduction is marked *Lentement*, and the obviously quick movement which succeeds it is marked *Andante*, in the old sense of the word, which meant not slow, but *going*, moving on. The beauty and the grandeur and dramatic truth of this overture, with its several contrasted themes so well described by Wagner, were well brought out by the orchestra. The vocal extract from the second *Iphigenia* fitly followed. And was it not tranquillizing and refreshing to hear for once some of this truly classical, sincere, chaste, noble music, so sad and yet so elevating,—grief transfigured by the spell of Art! With what simple means has Gluck achieved

so much! Miss FANNY KELLOGG's voice proved adequate to both the recitative and the slow, subdued and sustained Aria, which is very lovely; nor was the spirit wanting, nor the artistic style and finish. The two-part chorus, which precedes the Aria and accompanies its latter portion, was tastefully and effectively sung by eighteen or twenty young ladies, pupils of Mme. Rudersdorff, sweet, rich, sonorous voices all.

If there was any shadow of too much sombreness creeping over the concert from the serious Iphigenia music, it was soon dispelled by the sunniest of the Beethoven Symphonies, which was delightfully rendered, especially the Minuet and Trio.

Cherubini's charming lullaby: "Dors, noble enfant," in three-part harmony for female voices, has been heard here once or twice in some school festivals, we think, but never before with orchestral accompaniment; and that accompaniment being very delicate and lovely, and the singing excellent, the effect was delightful; although the soft violin melody was too much overshadowed by the sonorous voices.

We were sorry that our New York correspondent was not present to hear Mr. LANG's brilliant, finished, tasteful and altogether adequate interpretation of the Saint-Saëns Concerto, which he first introduced in this country at one of these concerts a year ago. No quality seemed wanting, whether of technique or conception. The appalling difficulties of the tremendous climax in the Andante were handled with a masterly grasp. The middle movement, with its hunting rhythm, was most fascinating; and the Presto (*Tarantella*) was carried through at such a swift and scouring tempo as to make one almost giddy, yet with perfect evenness and clearness to the end. Evidently his ambition was roused; he seemed to put his whole soul and will, his whole muscular and nervous energy into it, so that at the end of it we should hardly have been surprised to see him drop in pieces like the famous "one-hoss shay;" but the thing was done triumphantly and fairly, and he came out of it all sound and whole amid enthusiastic plaudits.—The instrument on which Mr. Lang played contributed not a little to this success. Few in the audience probably were aware at the time that the superb "Grand" before them was the *fifty-thousandth* (!) of the Chickering manufacture, hastily finished for this occasion. Think of the amount of labor, of costly material, and of brain work, that has gone into those fifty thousand! And never in that, or any, hall have we heard a nobler instrument; it seemed to embody in one example all the fine qualities that have from time to time distinguished the pianos of this old firm of which Boston has such reason to be proud. It combined rich sonority and telling power with musical intrinsic sweetness and most sympathetic quality of tone; its scale throughout was remarkably even, homogeneous and well proportioned. It really seems as if so interesting an incident, there among friends, should have called forth some outward sign of recognition and of compliment.

Miss Kellogg sang the charmingly naive and graphic little Taubert songs, "out of the world of childhood," with great discrimination, taste and delicate appreciation, and it is enough to say that the accompaniments (so full of meaning and of beauty in these little things) were played by Mr. DRESSEL.—Beethoven fitly closed the concert with one of the ever fresh, inspiring Overtures.

We come back to the THOMAS CONCERTS, which were too many for our space last time.

That of Friday evening, Feb. 23, was for the benefit and in the name of Miss ADELAIDE and Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPS, and the Music Hall for once was filled; and

great was the enthusiasm, and sumptuous the floral tributes. Miss Adelaide, never in better voice we thought, sang with true grace and humor the Page's Aria: "Nobil Signor," in the *Figaro*, and in her most sustained and finished style she backed the "Oh mio Fernando." The younger sister sang a rather uninteresting Romanza: "Il Prigioniero," by Canepa, in large voice and style, and, for an encore, displayed her remarkable bravura in the Gluck Aria (from *Orfeo*) even more effectively than before. She was highly successful also in Rossini's "Non più mesta," although she did not give it in the smooth perfection that her sister might have done. After all we get the impression that the operatic stage, rather than the concert room, is the true sphere for this young and gifted, and we should say sincerely earnest artist.—Miss NITA GARTANO, evidently not well, and her voice veiled somewhat by a cold, rather than disappoint her friend, sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" with obvious effort, yet otherwise artistically well. Yet Gottschalk's Song: "O loving heart" (with 'Cello obligato) could hardly have been sung more sweetly; and in the Terzetto: "Giovinetto Cavalier," from Meyerbeer's early opera *Il Crociato*, all three voices blended very satisfactorily; the piece itself was as pleasing as it is rarely heard.

We need not pause to tell how finely the "imitable orchestra" played Schubert's Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," the Reverie and Scherzo from Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony, the Hungarian Dances by Brahms, the very original French Suite (Prelude, Minuet, Adagio and Carillon) by Bizet, the Berlioz arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and finally, with capital effect, the Turkish March arranged for orchestra from a Mozart Sonata.

Saturday's matinee (Feb. 24) opened with a most perfect rendering of Haydn's largest Symphony in D, than which nothing in all these concerts has given such unalloyed delight; here the strings of the Thomas orchestra appeared to the best advantage. The Siegfried dirge was played again, leaving about the same bewildered impression as before, and followed immediately by the so much clearer, and we do venture to say nobler music of Mendelssohn's Overture to *Athalie*. The Ballet music to Wagner's *Rienzi* closed the concert.—Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPS sang Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" with the preceding recitative, which she did better than the melody itself, which demands a simpler and more even, quiet style. Miss ADELAIDE repeated "Nobil Signor," and the two sisters sang a light and elegant Duet from Mozart's *Così fan tutte* very finely. Mme. SCHILLER played the difficult Concerto by Raff magnificently, and also the Tausig arrangement of Weber's "Invitation."

On Monday evening, Feb. 26, the orchestral selections were: Cherubini's "Water Carrier" Overture; two movements from the Dramatic Symphony "Romeo and Juliet," by Berlioz; one, an interminable Adagio, rich in instrumentation, vague in theme or purpose, called a "Love Scene," the other an insect-like and fluttering Scherzo, very entertaining, called "Queen Mab;" a rather grotesque, not very humorous "Humoresque" (*Musikalisches Charakterbild*), supposed to illustrate "Don Quixote," though we should never have thought of him but for the title,—nor did the work in itself, as music, leave any very agreeable impression; and selections from the "Flying Dutchman." Mme. SCHILLER played most admirably the Liszt arrangement, with orchestra, of the Schubert Fantaisie, op. 15, and for a solo Chopin's early Variations on "Je vends des Scapulaires," of small account beyond the display of technical facility. The Swedish Ladies' Quartette sang delightfully, though not altogether in so good voice as usual.

The Thomas season closed on Wednesday evening, Feb. 28, with still a very moderate audience, and with this programme:—

Overture.—Melusina.....Mendelssohn
Scena and Aria:—"Ahi perfido!".....Beethoven
Miss Lillian B. Norton.
Dirge—[First time].....Schubert
(Adapted for Orchestra by Liszt).
Aria:—"O had I Jubal's lyre." Samson.....Handel
Miss Lillian B. Norton.
Serenade, op. 8. (By request).....Beethoven
Symphony, No. 5. "Lenore." (By request).....Raff
Miss NOWROX (in the place of Miss Gartano, too ill to appear), made an excellent impression both in Beethoven's exacting Italian Scena, and more particularly, in the Aria by Handel. The Schubert Dirge was indeed dirgelike in the extreme, but truly grand and solemn in the opening part, while the Trio seemed rather commonplace and hardly serious, as well as tiresomely prolix. The Beethoven Serenade was welcome as before. The "Lenore" Symphony of Raff still has its warm admirers, but after half a dozen hearings our impression of it is unchanged, and may be found essentially summed up in a criticism which we give on our first page from the *Leipzig Signal*.

MR. AND MRS. WM. H. SHERWOOD's fifth and last Piano Recital, at Union Hall, was the most interesting of the series. The programme, albeit rather mixed, presented a large share of good sterling matter:—

1. a. Waltzes, Op. 8 (new).....Moritz Moszkowski
b. Polacca ("Musikalisches Räthsel," 2d Bk., No. 4 (new).....C. F. Weitzmann
Piano Duets.
Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood.
2. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....J. S. Bach
(Arranged for piano-forte, by Liszt.)
Mrs. Sherwood.
3. "Hjertets Melodier," Op. 5 (Four Songs, new), Edv. Grieg
Miss Fanny Kelloeg.
4. Concert Etude, Op. 122 (new).....Theo. Kullak
Mrs. Sherwood.
5. "Etudes Symphoniques," Op. 13.....Schumann
Mr. Sherwood.
6. a. "Thou'rt like a lovely flower".....Schumann
b. "Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel".....Schubert
Miss Fanny Kelloeg.
7. Preludes, B flat minor, C major, C major, E minor, A major, D minor.....Chopin
Mrs. Sherwood.
8. a. "Novelette," from Op. 6 (new).....W. R. Sherwood
b. "Lohengrin's Verweis an Elias," Liszt-Wagner
c. Waltz, Op. 21, No. 2 (new).....H. v. Buelow
Mr. Sherwood.
9. "Das Fest," from "Phantasie Stuecke," No. 8 (new).....Louis Maas
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

Mrs. Sherwood was at her best in the great Prelude and Fugue by Bach; and Mr. Sherwood gave one of the most masterly and satisfactory renderings of Schumann's exceedingly exacting "Etudes Symphoniques" that we have ever heard. These two great works, with the charming little Chopin Preludes, and the songs, were a programme in themselves. We found, however, much that was fresh and interesting in the Waltzes by Moszkowski and the Polacca by Weitzmann; but nothing, or worse than nothing in the Waltz by Bülow and the Phantasie-Stück by Maas. Mr. Sherwood's "Novelette" has a pleasing theme; and Liszt's transcription of Lohengrin's Reproof to Elias is delicately true to the spirit of the original. The Songs by Grieg, one or two of which were somewhat Schumannesque, were charmingly sung by Miss Kelloeg; and even more so the song by Schumann. But Schubert's "Gretchen" was less fortunate, partly in the accompaniment, partly because sung in English; the word "kiss" is a singularly poor vehicle for a passionate high note.

The Complimentary Concert to Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 28, was a remarkably interesting occasion. Horticultural Hall was completely filled with an audience of the highest culture and refinement. It was a sincere token of admiration for the artist and the woman. Musically, of course, Mme. Schiller's own admirable interpretations of Chopin, Hummel, Schubert, Liszt, formed the chief attraction in the following programme:—

Duet for two pianos, "Homage to Handel," Moscheles
Song, "Ave Maria".....Luzzi
Piano-forte Solo, Polonaise E flat.....Chopin
Song, "Let me dream again".....Arthur Sullivan
Songs.....Rob. Franz
Piano-forte Solos. { a. Andante E flat.....Hummel
b. "Soirées de Vienne," No. 3, Liszt-Schubert
Song, "Die beiden Grenadiere".....Schumann
Piano-forte Solo, Transcription: "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Liszt
Song, "My dearest heart".....Arthur Sullivan
Song, "My Queen".....Blumenthal
Invitation à la Valse. Eight hands.....Weber

The other contributions, excepting Mr. Dresel's accompaniments to most of the songs, were all by friends and amateurs, and do not call for criticism. We cannot refrain, however, from speaking of the noble voice and style in which Mr. S. B. Schlesinger sang "The two Grenadiers;" and of the very creditable performance of the "Homage to Handel" by Miss Annette Schiller with Miss Billings, a pupil of Mme. Schiller, and of Weber's "Invitation" by the same two ladies with Mme. Schiller and Mr. Schlesinger. Great enthusiasm was manifested throughout.

A very pleasant affair was the Vocal Concert given at Mechanics Hall on Saturday, March 3, by our excellent Italian *maestro di canto*, Sig. VINCENZO CIRILLO, with his full class of lady-pupils and a private club of gentlemen. Sig. Cirillo opened the concert in person, by singing in very artistic, finished and expressive manner a baritone Aria from Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The rest of the first part consisted of the entire *Stabat Mater* by Pergolesi,—a quaint old music, which we have not heard for many years and which it was a great pleasure to recall. The two-part choruses were remarkably well sung by the choir of about twenty-four sopranos and contraltos,—rich, sweet, well developed and well balanced voices. One of them: *Fac ut ardeat*, was given with great spirit, and enthusiastically redemanded. The Soprano Solos, by Miss C. S. Hayes and Mrs. T. M. Carter, and the Alto solos by Miss L. S. Cutler, Mrs. J. P. Brown and Miss A. L. Wilson, as well as the Duets, gave token of fine voices, rightly trained, and nice conception and execution of the music. The meagre pianoforte accompaniment, well as it was played by the maestro, was but a sketch of what such music really requires; and yet the charm of its melody and harmony is too intrinsic to be lost sight of even in a sketch.

The second part was of a lighter and more miscellaneous character, consisting of an Aria from "Rigoletto," sung in true ornate Italian opera style by Miss McClure; an Ave Maria by Aht, for tenor solo and chorus; a male chorus, "Soldiers' Farewell" by Kinkel; a "Rataplan" Chorus; and a cheerfully melodious "Hymn to Art," by Cirillo, the latter with Soprano Solo (Mrs. Carter).

About Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF's four concerts in the Music Hall—with lamentably small attendance—which may be easily accounted for without the idle newspaper cant about the "false pretensions of Boston taste for Art"—concerts which exhibited the virtuosity and the interpretative powers of this really great pianist in even a fuller light than before—there is much more to be said than we can well crowd into the small space left us by the long list of concerts that have been awaiting turn of notice. We must take them up in retrospect hereafter.

NEXT IN ORDER. Two weeks of English Opera (the Kellogg troupe) at the Globe Theatre, the repertoire including Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," "Star of the North," "Mignon," etc.—On the 26th, German Opera, at the Boston Theatre; where with exceptional means of artists, orchestra, chorus, scenery, etc., Mr. Freyer is to repeat his great "Wagner Festival" now in successful progress in New York, and give Boston the opportunity of witnessing, for the first time, the "Walkyrie," besides such a presentation of "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" as we have never had before. Herr Neundorff will be the conductor.

A concert of the choicest character has been arranged, under the auspices of many of our leading friends of music, in compliment to Miss NITA GARTANO, whose exquisite singing has given so much delight, and who is very soon to leave us and return to England. It will take place on Friday evening, March 23, at the Christian Union Hall (tickets, with reserved seats, at \$2.00, may be had at No. 74 Mt. Vernon Street). Miss CLARA DORIA and Messrs. OTTO DRESSEL, R. J. LANG, S. B. SCHLESINGER and Dr. LANGMAD have kindly offered their assistance. Miss Gartano will sing (with Mr. Dresel's accompaniment) a group of the finest songs by Franz (including "Gewitternacht," songs by Gounod and Gordiniani; and with Miss Doria the Duet from *Freyaschütz*; Dr. Langmald will sing "Un aura amorosa" of Mozart; and there will be vocal quartets, such as the Canon from *Fidelio*. Mr. Lang and Mr. Dresel will contribute some fine pianoforte music.

The last Harvard Symphony Concert of the present season comes on Thursday afternoon, the 29th instant, The Symphonic Fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest," which Prof. Paine has composed for the Association, unfortunately must be postponed till the beginning of the next season, on account of the insufficient time for the great labor of writing out the score and orchestral parts in season for rehearsal now. The programme therefore stands thus:

PART I. Symphony ("Militaire" in G, Haydn; Violin Concerto (the three movements), Beethoven (Dr. Leopold Damrosch, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society). PART II. Overture to Shakespeare's "As you like it," John A. Paine; Song, by Charles R. Hayden; Overture: "Meeresstille," etc., Mendelssohn.

EASTER ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society will perform Handel's "Joshua" on Easter Sunday, April 1. The soloists will be Miss EMMA C. THURSTON, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Mr. JOSEPH MAAS and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.

THE plans of the Boylston Club are set forth in the following card from its Director:

To the Editor of the *Globe*:
SIR: In your musical editor's review of the Boylston Club concert given last evening occurs the statement: "This was the last appearance of the Boylston Club as an exclusively male chorus." Will you kindly allow me to correct the impression you give that the Boylston Club is to be henceforth only a mixed chorus? This is not the fact. The members of the Boylston Club, without exception, agree with me that programmes constructed exclusively of music for male voices, lovely as they may be, are nevertheless comparatively limited as to color and contrast and voice compass.

The Boylston Club, as an organization, is still a chorus of male voices; but it possesses, in addition, a disciplined auxiliary chorus of female voices, all fresh and pure. By uniting these two separately-trained choruses, there results a third and complete chorus of mixed voices, known as the Boylston Vocal Society, also having its own separate drill. We seek to make a complete whole of perfect parts. Such a chorus on such a basis has never before been attempted here. Many of the programmes in future will consist of two, three, four or eight, and even twelve voiced part songs for both male, female and mixed chorus, glees, catches, madrigals, and occasionally a larger work. The members of the Boylston Club also agree with me that in taking this step they place their organization on the highest possible plane, and thereby control material which enables them to draw from the exhaustless repertory of such vocal music as includes the whole compass of the human voice. The Boylston Club, nevertheless, will continue its own rehearsals as before, and will also, at proper intervals, give concerts with the male voices alone. This new feature necessitates much extra work, but we shall find our reward not only in the enjoyment inherent in such study, but also in the greater pleasure which our future programmes must afford our associate members.

Respectfully,
GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

Boston, February 23.

Music in Paris.

A new and original heroic, allegoric, seraphic, diabolic, atmospheric, and symphonic composition, in several episodes, entitled "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," from the pen of M. Saint-Saëns, was produced at the Châtelet a fortnight ago. The classic simplicity of the name given to the work offering much scope for brain racking, the compiler of M. Colonne's programmes obligingly supplements it by the following interesting details:—On entering life Hercules saw two paths open to him—that of Vice, bordered by gay nymphs and bacchantes; and that of Virtue, severe, arduous, obstructed by difficulties and dangers, but promising the reward of immortality. Headless of the vicious blandishments of Pleasure, Hercules resolutely chooses the career of virtue. Such is, in substance, the legend which M. Saint-Saëns has attempted to illustrate. Ten minutes' orchestral cloudiness represents the hero hesitating between the two roads. A sharp five minutes' of musical thunder and lightning, in the form of a wild bacchanal dance, is thought sufficient to describe the reductions of vice; another five of calm, sweet insipidity, broken by furious intervals of instrumental chaos, depicts the path of virtue. In twenty minutes the symphony is over; in twenty days it will be forgotten. "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" has the usual faults and good qualities of M. Saint-Saëns. Great skill in the harmonic effects; vagueness in the working out of the idea; and utter want of originality wherever melody is required. If M. Saint-Saëns were well advised he would choose less pretentious titles for his compositions. The name by which it has pleased him to distinguish his last work is both pedantic and disappointing.

Rubinstein's grand "Ocean" Symphony and a new Concerto by M. A. Duvernoy, were the principal features at the Châtelet Concert of the 4th inst. The programme of Sunday last included M. Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," Mozart's graceful "Räuber" (Op. 28), and Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," from "Jeanne d'Arc." There was no symphony. M. Colonne probably wished to reserve all the energies of his followers for the great event of next Sunday, the production of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" in its entirety.

By the bye, M. Gounod was present at the Châtelet rehearsal on Saturday, and at the request of M. Colonne, conducted the execution of the "March."

The first two parts of the "Damnation de Faust" were performed at the last Concert Populaire, before an immense and enthusiastic audience. Next Sunday the whole work will be given, with soli, chorus, and full orchestra, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup.

There is a considerable falling off in the number of the private concerts this season. It is unnecessary to go far in search of the reason. So many of these entertainments are mere protests for extracting twenty franc pieces from unwilling pockets, and the programmes executed at them are so often motley groupings of worthless Italian arias and second-rate pianoforte fantasias, that it is no wonder the public has grown skeptically cold to the appeals of the pleading professors. All the more agreeable, therefore, is the task of chronicling a concert which forms an honorable exception to the rule. Such an exception was a very interesting soirée given by M. L. Breitner, whose name is already familiar to London. M. Breitner is a pupil of Liszt and Rubinstein. He has borrowed of the one his fire and execution; of the other, a certain charm and poetry seldom found united to the more mechanical talent of a pianist. Let me see M. Breitner right in one respect before I go further. He is in no way a blindly following disciple of what is ironically, as well as seriously, termed the "higher development" school. He can, on occasion, temper his transports with tenderness, and can make his piano sing, as well as sound. A sufficient opportunity of judging his powers in very various ways was afforded by the programme selected, which I give you in full:—

1. Concerto en sol maj., avec points d'orgue de Rubinstein.....Beethoven
2. Air de "Joseph".....Méhul
3. Fantasia pour Piano et Orchestre, Orchestre par Liszt.....Schubert
4. { A. "Pourquoi".....Schumann
B. Nocturne.....Chopin
C. Barcarolle.....Heller
D. Mazurka.....Rubinstein
5. Air de "Raymond".....A. Thomas

6. Fantasia Hongroise pour Piano et Orchestre. Liszt

M. Breitner.
Conductor.....M. E. COLONNE.

M. Colonne's orchestra was decidedly too strong for the room in which the concert took place. It was evident that M. Breitner at moments had great trouble in triumphing over the heavy brass and contrabasses. I dare say that, with a weaker band, or a larger room, he would have avoided the only fault I perceived in his playing—a slight hardness in the *f* passages of the concerted music, more specially noticeable at the beginning of the evening. M. Breitner's rendering of Schubert's beautiful Fantasia was well nigh perfect; but the band more than once spoilt the general effect. *Appropos*, M. Colonne should really try to improve the quality of his wind instruments. His horns, trumpets, and cornets are terribly offensive to the ear. M. Breitner was perhaps at his best in the four short solos, notably in Schumann's "Pourquoi," a delightful poetic trifle, full of meditative fancy; and in Rubinstein's mazurka. I liked him less in the concerto. He appeared to me to lack the sustained power indispensable to a satisfactory rendering of Beethoven.

The Operas have been pretty constant to a policy of masterly inaction since the production of the success of the year, "Paul et Virginie." The receipts at the Lyrique continue to be satisfactory, averaging ten thousand francs on Massé nights, and stalls are hardly obtainable for love or money. "Paul et Virginie" has already been represented nearly forty times, without any signs of declining interest on the part of the public. M. Saint-Saëns' fantastic opera, "La timbre d'Argent," was promised for the 11th, but will probably not be ready for another week. To fill up the interval M. Vizzentini has revived "Marta," with a fair cast. At the Grand Opera there has been no novelty since "Robert le Diable" was remounted, if I except Johann Strauss and the three carnival balls. M. Halanzier seems inclined, however, to atone for many sins by bestowing unusual care on M. Massenet's "Roi de Lahore." We are entreated to believe that 300,000*f*. will be spent in putting the work upon the stage. Rehearsals will begin on Saturday next. Albani is still the reigning "star" of the Italiana, where she is singing in "Linda de Chamouni," and on the 27th Masini is to resume the character of Radames, in "Aida." The season which threatened disaster to M. Escudier at the outset, is thus likely to terminate brilliantly after all.

The Frascati concert of the last Wednesday in January was almost entirely devoted to the works of Auber. The orchestra performed the overtures to "Fra Diavolo," "La Sirene," and "Les Diamans de la Couronne;" fantasias by Arban, its conductor, on "La Muette" and "Le Domino Noir," and his valse upon the principal motifs of Auber, which produced a great effect. Mdlle. Mineur sang with her usual success the air from "Sermont."

WAGNER'S CLOSE CORPORATION OPERA PLAN. Wagner is certainly the most uncompromising master of art in the world. Instead of being grateful to the people who bought tickets to his big Bühnenfestspiel, and spent as much more than their high price in travelling and poor entertainment at Baireuth, he sneers at 'em. He publishes a card to say that his appeal is to "friends of my art"—not art in general, notice, but "my" art; and though he had, last summer, to recede, and rely on the "curiosity of the public" to make his first season possible, he now resumes his "original aim." To abridge his long palaver, "none but Wagnerites need apply." What he wants now is to have all the Wagner unions join in a "Patron-union for maintaining the dramatic Festspiel at Baireuth," and get funds, including a subsidy of 100,000 marks (about \$25,000) from the Reichstag, for the yearly production of "my work" before the members of this union only—except that some free seats should be provided for poor young musicians. "Industrious and eager for culture" This is sublimely egotistic, but, notwithstanding the loftiness of the strain, Wagner's operas are to be given to that "bare-paying public" which he scorns, not only in New York by Mr. Fryer, which might be considered a concession to a remote and barbaric province, but in Vienna, where it seems the manager of the royal opera "played low" on him. The story is, that just before the Baireuth performances were to begin, last summer, Manager Janner notified the composer that all the artists whom he had lent for the occasion would be ordered to leave at once unless Wagner gave him permission to bring out "Die Walküre" in Vienna. Wagner had refused liberal payment for the right to perform any part of the trilogy, and more than ten German theatres were ready to pay high for this particular opera, and Janner knew it,—so that this was about as moral a proceeding as a highwayman's "your money or your life." Of course Wagner had to yield. In this new plan of his, by the by, Wagner does not contemplate producing the trilogy this year,—yet the chief difficulty is said to be his quarrel with King Ludwig.—*Springfield Republicans*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Little Birdie Mine. D. 3. d to E. Watson. 30
"Nestle closely near to me,
Little birdie mine."
Very sweet song.

Think of Me. G. 3. d to g. Gianetti. 35
"In happy moments, think of me,
Forget my life of woe."
Quite a compass of voice, much variety, and a touch of Italian quality.

O beautiful Mother! Eb 3. F to E. Felicia. 30
"Near thee, Madonna,
Fondly we hover."
Sweet "Madonna's" piece.

The Twilight Hour is come. Duettino. Bb 4. F to F. Smart. 40
"Sing, brook! Fold, flower!
In the dreamy twilight hour."
Great beauty and variety of arrangement.

Always Remember. Song and Cho. Ab 3. d to F. Coe. 30
"Thou art the sunbeam that cheers me,
Sunlight that beams on my heart."
Very pleasing song and chorus.

Sacred Pieces for Episcopal Church. 3. Burden. 40
Three Gloria Patri, a Hymn Chant, a Venite,
Benedictus and five Hymn Tunes.

Everywhere. D. 4. F to a. Bachmann. 30
"Roses sweet, roses red,
Here and there and everywhere."
Brilliant air for high soprano.

The Little Shepherdess. C. 3. a to g. Molloy. 40
"So up the chimney did they go,
And it was dark and far."

A charming ditty, relating the tiny adventures of the little porcelain Shepherdess and her neighbor, the "little chimney man."

The Little Maid milking her Cow. F. 3. F to F. Molloy. 30
"You vow you can't live without me,
Sure, that's what the other boys say!
Merry Irish ballad.

Instrumental.

Cornucopia Waltz. Eb 3. Green. 35
A pretty waltz, with some new and unusually sweet effects.

La Deifle. Marche Militaire. C. 2. Streabogg. 30
A simple march for beginners.

Rayon de Soleil. (Sunbeam Galop.) Eb 3. Dorn. 40
A bright "sunshiny" sort of piece, very pleasant to practice. About 20 of Dorn's pieces (half of them Fantasies), are to be found in the same set as this. A most graceful company.

Silver Moon Reverie. Ab 4. Goerdeler. 35
Some of the bright arpeggios are almost too brilliant for reveries; but it is a fine piece all the same.

Spinning Song in Flying Dutchman. A. 4. Oesten. 35
Graceful and fine practice.

Rondo. Op. 16. Eb 6. Chopin. 1.25
One of Chopin's great pieces.

Evening Twilight. Reverie. Db 4. Oliver. 40
Mr. Oliver interprets very musically, purely and sweetly, the thoughts and moods that belong to the "fall of the day." One of the set "Feries Musicales."

Trois Pensées Poétiques, by F. L. Crane.
No. 1. Andante quasi Adagio. Bb 4. 30
"2. Grazioso con Delicatezza. Db 4. 30
"3. Allegro Appassionata. F minor. 40

These are short musical "poems" without words, with musical thoughts arranged with good taste, and not of length sufficient to be fatiguing.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

